A P

WAR PICTURE LIBRARY

No 3

10D

ACTION STATIONS

ALSO ON SALE NOW

WAR PICTURE LIBRARY No. 4

THE GALLANT FEW

See, in dramatic pictures, how a young boy became one of Britain's greatest fighter-pilots ; how the gallant airmen of the R.A.F. fought so bravely in the early days of the war.

DON'T FORGET !

FOR THRILLS . . . ACTION . . . DRAMA . . .

WAR PICTURE LIBRARY

Next month's two exciting issues, which will be on sale Monday, 17th November, are :

No. 5. THE SHIP THAT RAN AWAY

No. 6. FOR VALOUR

Order your copies today !

ACTION STATIONS

1941 AND THE STEEL TALONS OF THE GERMAN WAR EAGLE WERE THROTTLING THE LIBERTIES AND LIVES OF THE CONQUERED PEOPLES IN EUROPE. YET ONE COUNTRY STILL REMAINED FREE. ON THE ISLAND FORTRESS OF BELEAGUERED BRITAIN, A GALLANT NATION STOOD IN PROUD DEFIANCE OF THE NAZIS. WITH EACH DAY BRITAIN GREW STRONGER, FED BY THE LIFE BLOOD OF GUNS, AMMUNITION, TANKS AND PLANES WHICH THE CONVOYS BROUGHT FROM AMERICA. DAUNTLESSLY THE SHIPS BRAVED THE DANGERS OF THE ATLANTIC— AND THE PERIL LURKING BELOW THE WAVES . . . THE SEA WOLVES . . . *THE U-BOATS!*

© The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., 1958

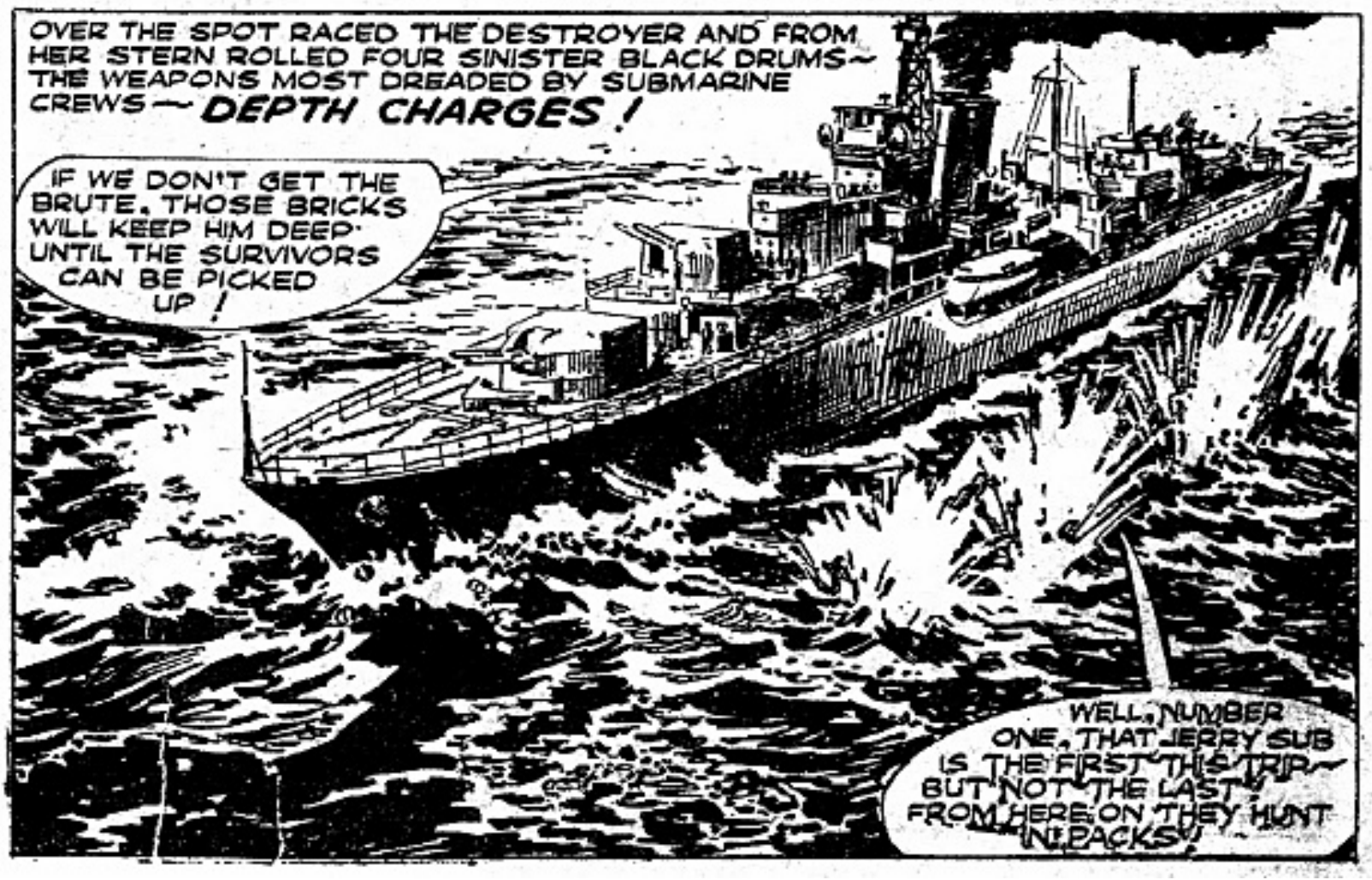
Chapter 1. ATTACK FROM BELOW

WITH MANY SHIPS OF WAR KEEPING AN UNCEASING BLOCKADE ON THE GERMAN BATTLE FLEETS, THE ROYAL NAVY WAS STRAINED TO THE LIMIT— AND EACH CONVOY WAS DEFENDED BY ALL TOO FEW WARSHIPS.

THE DESTROYERS TWISTED AND TURNED UNENDINGLY THROUGH THE LINES OF LADEN, WALLOWING MERCHANT SHIPS. EVER WATCHFUL FOR THE OMINOUS EYES OF THE SEA WOLVES... THE PERISCOPES!
WUNDERBAR! WE ARE IN A PERFECT ATTACK POSITION— LOAD ALL BOW TORPEDO TUBES!
BEARING OF ENEMY SHIPS— ONE-EIGHT-ONE DEGREES!

THIRTY SECONDS LATER A SHATTERING ROAR LIFTED A COLUMN OF WATER MASTHEAD HIGH BESIDE A LUMBERING FREIGHTER.
WHAT'S HAPPENED?— LUMME, SHE'S BEEN TORPEDOED!
SOUND THE ALARM— TORPEDO TRACK AMIDSHIPS!

THE SECOND TORPEDO STRUCK WITH A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION— AND WATER POURED INTO THE GAPING HOLE . . .
ENGINE ROOM— EMERGENCY SPEED!
PERISCOPE DEAD-AHEAD — FOUR HUNDRED YARDS — NOW IT'S GONE!


OVER THE SPOT RACED THE DESTROYER AND FROM HER STERN ROLLED FOUR SINISTER BLACK DRUMS— THE WEAPONS MOST DREADED BY SUBMARINE CREWS— DEPTH CHARGES!
IF WE DON'T GET THE BRUTE, THOSE BRICKS WILL KEEP HIM DEEP UNTIL THE SURVIVORS CAN BE PICKED UP!
WELL, NUMBER ONE, THAT JERRY SUB IS THE FIRST THIS TRIP— BUT NOT THE LAST! FROM HERE ON THEY HUNT IN PACKS!

THE MOMENT THE CONVOY HAD PASSED ON ITS EASTWARD PATH, THE U-BOAT'S RADIO SPARKED INTO LIFE – SUMMONING ITS DESTRUCTION-HUNGRY BROTHERS . . .
U ONE-O-ONE REPORTING: LARGE CONVOY ON COURSE EIGHTY FIVE DEGREES TEN KNOTS – GOOD HUNTING!

THEN THE NIGHTMARE BEGAN FOR THE CONVOY. AGAIN AND AGAIN THE GERMAN SEA WOLVES LAY IN WAIT — AND TIME AFTER TIME THEIR FANGS RIPPED THE SHIPS INTO SHATTERED, SINKING HULKS.
SIGNAL TO ALL SHIPS — TAKE IMMEDIATE ACTION TO KEEP CLEAR OF BURNING SHIPS OR THEY WILL MAKE FINE TARGETS! THEN REFORM CONVOY POSITIONS! IF THEY START STRAGGLING THEY HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!
AYE, AYE, SIR!

FOR FIVE DAYS AND NIGHTS THE MEN OF THE ESCORT SHIPS FOUGHT BACK DOGGEDLY AGAINST THE UNDERWATER MENACE — AND REAPED A GRIM REWARD.
GOOD TEAM WORK! ORION BRINGS UP THE SARDINE TINS AND WE OPEN 'EM!
FORRARD TURRETS — FIRE AS YOUR GUNS BEAR!
K 15

STAND BY TO SLIP THE STARBOARD WHALER TO PICK UP SUBMARINE SURVIVORS!

U-251

TWO DAYS LATER THE SAVAGELY MAULED CONVOY REACHED A WEST COAST PORT IN ENGLAND . . .

FORTY ONE – FORTY TWO! THAT'S ALL, SIR, NOT INCLUDING THE ESCORT VESSELS!

GREAT SCOTT! TWENTY ONE SHIPS LOST! AND EVERY ONE OF 'EM FULL OF FOOD OR WEAPONS! WE CAN'T AFFORD THESE LOSSES FOR LONG – AND WHEN WE CAN'T ANY MORE WE'VE LOST THE WAR!

SOON AFTERWARDS THOSE WORDS WERE ECHOED AT A CONFERENCE OF SENIOR NAVAL OFFICERS IN LONDON.

GENTLEMEN ~ OUR LOSSES IN SHIPPING ARE LEAPING TO A DISASTROUS PEAK ! THE U-BOATS ARE BUILDING A BARRIER OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC. IF THAT WALL IS COMPLETED ~ WE MAY NEVER BE ABLE TO TEAR IT DOWN !

BY A STRANGE JEST OF TIME AND FATE, AT THAT VERY MOMENT A GROUP OF GERMAN NAVAL OFFICERS MET IN HIGH SPIRITS IN A ROOM IN WILHELMSHAVEN.

7th UBoat Flotilla
U120
U121
U122
U123
U124
U125
U126

COMMANDERS OF THE 7TH U-BOAT FLOTILLA! OUR GUEST, ADMIRAL VON KLAUSMAN HAS BROUGHT US GOOD NEWS ~ TOMORROW WE SAIL FOR THE ATLANTIC AND MORE BRITISH CONVOYS!

EVERY U-BOAT COMMANDER LEAPED EAGERLY TO HIS FEET WITH SHOUTS OF APPROVAL. THEN VON KLAUSMAN'S LIFTED HAND SILENCED THEM.

KAPITAN VON GROST'S FLOTILLA ARE FAMED THROUGHOUT THE FATHERLAND. MAY THEIR NEXT MISSION BE EVEN MORE GLORIOUS AND SUCCESSFUL THAN THE LAST, AND THEIR SCORE OF BRITISH SHIPS SUNK REMAIN UNEQUALLED! HEIL HITLER!

HEIL HITLER!

MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC, A WEEK LATER, TWO TOUGH AMERICAN MARINES STOOD GUARDING THE GATES OF THE U.S. NAVY YARD AT BOSTON.
WHAT D' YOU WANT, KIDDO?
I'M JOINING A BRITISH DESTROYER UNDER REPAIR HERE, ~ THE EXCALIBUR. I'VE COME DOWN FROM NEW YORK BY TRAIN I'VE GOT MY PAPERS UNDER MY CAP!

HIS PASS CHECKED, THE YOUNG BRITISH SAILOR STRODE EAGERLY THROUGH THE GATES.
YEAH ~ GUESS WE'LL JUST HAVE TO STEP IN AND SAVE 'EM SOONER OR LATER!
HECK, SAM ~ THAT LIMEY IS HARDLY DRY BEHIND THE EARS! NOBODY CAN TELL ME THAT THE BRITISH WILL WIN THE WAR WITH SCHOOL KIDS! LIKE THAT!

UNAWARE OF THE YANKS' COMMENTS, ABLE-SEAMAN KEN HOLT WENT ON LOOKING FOR HIS SHIP.
E47
WHAT A BEAUTY! AT LAST I'M REALLY IN THE NAVY!

JUST THEN A JEEP PULLED UP BEHIND KEN...
MORNING, SEAMAN! IF YOU'VE GOT A FREE HAND, TAKE THAT SMALL CASE ABOARD FOR ME, WILL YOU?
AYE, AYE, SIR!
USAF

THE OFFICER LED THE WAY UP THE GANGWAY.
LIEUTENANT ROBERT MEADOWS, ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE, REPORTING FOR DUTY AS FIRST LIEUTENANT IN EXCALIBUR!
WELCOME ABOARD, SIR. I'LL HAVE YOU TAKEN TO YOUR CABIN — AND WE WOULD HAVE COLLECTED YOUR LUGGAGE FROM THE WHARFSIDE FOR YOU, SIR!

FOR A MOMENT BOB MEADOWS THOUGHT THE YOUNG OFFICER'S VOICE CARRIED A REBUKE. BUT THERE WAS NO SIGN OF IT IN HIS BLANKLY CHEERFUL FACE.
ABLE-SEAMAN KENNETH HOLT REPORTING FOR DUTY IN EXCALIBUR, SIR!
NOW, WAS THAT BEANPOLE TRYING TO HINT THAT BECAUSE I CARRIED MY OWN SUITCASES ABOARD, I'D NEVER DO FOR THE REGULAR NAVY?

BOB WENT ON AND WAS SHOWN TO THE SHIP CAPTAIN'S CABIN.
I'M GLAD YOU'RE ABOARD AT LAST, MISTER MEADOWS— I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU FOR OVER A WEEK!
I'M SORRY, SIR— MY TRANSFER TO EXCALIBUR WAS DATED A WEEK AGO. BUT I ASKED FOR A POSTPONEMENT BECAUSE THE SKIPPER OF MY MERCHANT SHIP WAS SUDDENLY TAKEN ILL!

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER JAMES BAKER, D.S.C., R.N., STARED AT HIS NEW FIRST LIEUTENANT IN AMAZEMENT.
DO YOU MEAN YOU'VE JUST COME FROM A MERCHANT VESSEL, AND NOT FROM A WARSHIP?
YES, SIR— I UNDERSTOOD THAT I WAS THE ONLY OFFICER AVAILABLE. UP TO LAST WEEK I WAS FIRST MATE ON THE TANKER— GLENCARROW!

BAKER'S BROWS KNITTED IN A FROWN..
MY LAST NUMBER ONE WAS INJURED WHEN WE RAMMED A JERRY SUB ~ HENCE THE REPAIRS WE HAD DONE! THEY'RE FINISHED NOW BUT I WAS ALSO EXPECTING A RATING AS REPLACEMENT BEFORE WE SAILED!
ONE CAME ABOARD WITH ME, SIR ~ IT'S PROBABLY HIM!

KEN HOLT HAD BEEN DETAILED OFF TO A MESS DECK, WHERE HE FOUND A VARIED WELCOME.
COR, NOW THE FLIPPING NAVY IS RAIDING THE NURSERY! WHAT SHIP YOU FROM, SONNY BOY?
GLAD TO KNOW YOU, KEN I'M SWEDE JOHNSON!
WELL ~ UH ~ I HAVEN'T BEEN IN ONE BEFORE ~ YOU SEE THIS IS MY FIRST POSTING! MY NAME'S KEN HOLT!

A GLEAM OF SLYNESS CREPT INTO "TICKER" GRIMES' LITTLE EYES AS KEN'S WORDS TUMBLED OUT...
WELL, GOLDILOCKS, YOU'RE IN THE SAME DUTY WATCH AS ME ~ "TICKER" GRIMES ~ AND I RECKON YOU AND ME ARE GOING TO HAVE SOME FUN!
I'M GLAD TO HAVE ONE FRIEND ALREADY! ON THE MERCHANT SHIP FROM ENGLAND TO NEW YORK I DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO MAKE ANY FRIENDS AT ALL!

GRIME'S NOTICED KEN'S FACE PALE SLIGHTLY AS HE SPOKE, BUT SUDDENLY THERE WAS NO TIME TO WONDER AT THIS...
ATTENTION! ALL HANDS TO STATIONS FOR LEAVING HARBOUR!
JUST FOLLOW ME, YOUNGSTER ~ I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE TO GO!

FOR WITH THE ARRIVAL OF THE TWO NEW CREW MEMBERS, EXCALIBUR WAS READY FOR ACTION ~~ AND LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER BAKER WAS WASTING NO TIME...
CAST OFF FORRARD. STAND BY TO CAST OFF AFT! SLOW AHEAD BOTH ENGINES!
SLOW AHEAD BOTH!

HER WHITE ENSIGN STREAMING IN THE BREEZE, EXCALIBUR WAS A MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE OF POWER AND GRACE AS SHE GLIDED THROUGH THE CROWDED HARBOUR TOWARDS THE OPEN SEA.
GEE—JUST WATCH THAT BABY GO! I KINDA FEEL SORRY FOR ANY KRAUT SUB SHE STARTS CHASING!
THEM GUNS LOOK PURTY NICE FROM HERE—BUT I BET WHEN THEY OPEN UP SOMEONE'S FOR TROUBLE!

AS THE WATCH OFF DUTY WERE DISMISSED TO GO BELOW AGAIN, JOHNSON TURNED TO KEN BESIDE HIM ON THE AFT DECK.
YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD. WHAT'S UP, YOUNGSTER?
FEEL ALL SORT OF GIDDY ~ I'LL BE OKAY!
YOU'D BETTER GO DOWN TO THE SICKBAY AND SEE IF THE PILL PEDLAR CAN FIX YOU UP!

BUT A FEW MINUTES BEFORE KEN REACHED THE TINY SICKBAY, THE CHIEF PETTY OFFICER IN CHARGE HAD ANOTHER PATIENT ~ TICKER GRIMES!
DODGING WORK AGAIN, GRIMES, BY REPORTING SICK, EH? WELL, YOU CAN'T SWING THE LEAD WITH ME, YOU SKIVER!
HONEST, CHIEF, THIS EAR-ACHE'S AGONY ~ YOU GOT TO HELP ME!

STILL FAR FROM BELIEVING TICKER, THE CHIEF MEASURED OUT SOME DROPS OF LIQUID ON TO A GAUZE PAD . . .
GET IN THERE AND CLAP THIS ON YOUR EAR FOR FIVE MINUTES! I STILL DON'T TRUST A LAZY SKATE LIKE YOU~ BUT I'D RATHER BE SAFE THAN SORRY!
DEAD EASY AGAIN! BY THE TIME YOU'VE FINISHED, TICKER ME OLD CHINA, YOU'LL GET EXCUSED THE NEXT DUTY WATCH!

BARELY A MINUTE LATER THE SICKBAY HAD ITS NEXT PATIENT ~ AND THE CHIEF'S JAW DROPPED!
COR LOVE OLD RILEY! I HAVEN'T SEEN THIS FOR THE LAST TWENTY YEARS OF PILL PUSHING~ A SAILOR~SEASICK!

IT WAS THE SAME ON THE MERCHANT SHIP COMING OVER FROM ENGLAND ~ EVERY TIME THE SHIP ROCKED OR PITCHED I NEARLY DIED! NOW I'M JUST AS BAD AGAIN ~ AND THIS SHIP ISN'T OUT OF HARBOUR YET!

ALL MY LIFE I'VE WANTED TO BE IN THE NAVY — AND I TURN OUT TO BE USELESS AS A SAILOR!
TAKE THIS, BOY — AND STOP WORRYING! I WILL FIND SOMETHING TO CURE YOU!

THE C.P.O. WATCHED IN SILENT SYMPATHY AS KEN STAGGERED TO HIS FEET AND STUMBLED OUT. A MOMENT LATER, TICKER GRIMES POKED HIS FACE AROUND THE CURTAIN!
HEY, CHIEF — MY EAR'S MUCH BETTER — SO I'LL SHOVE OFF NOW!

TICKER HURRIED BACK TO THE MESS-DECK, GRINNING TO HIMSELF AT HAVING FOUND SOMETHING EVEN MORE AMUSING THAN DUTY DODGING.
YOU SHOULD HAVE STUCK TO SAILING YOUR BOAT ON THE PARK POND, HOLT — OR DID THE BIG WAVES THERE MAKE YOU FEEL FUNNY, TOO, YOU DUMB LANDLUBBER!

I'LL KNOCK THOSE WORDS DOWN YOUR THROAT, GRIMES!
YOU ARE WELCOME TO TRY— IF YOU CAN WALK THIS FAR!

HAVEN'T YOU GOT YOUR SEA-LEGS YET, SAILOR-BOY? WELL GET THIS— NOBODY FALLS AT TICKER GRIMES' FEET UNLESS MY FISTS PUT 'EM THERE— LIKE THIS!

TICKER'S CLUBBING FIST HAMMERED DOWN— AND STOPPED AN INCH FROM KEN'S JAW AS SWEDE'S GREAT HAND CLOSED AROUND THE BULLY'S WRIST!
HEY LEGGO! YOU'RE BREAKING MY WRIST! AWW!
LIFT THE BOY UP NICE AND EASY, YOU BILGE RAT, OR YOU'LL BE SEARCHING THE SCUPPERS FOR YOUR TEETH!

HASTILY TICKER OBEYED. . . AND AS KEN STOOD UP, SWEDE'S MILD EYES BECAME STEEL DRILLS BORING INTO GRIMES' FLINCHING FACE.
LISTEN YOU DOZY HALF-BAKED APOLOGY FOR A MATELOT— YOU TRY ANY TRICKS ON YOUNG HOLT AGAIN— AND YOU'LL THINK A GUN TURRET FELL ON YOU!...
YEAH— OKAY, SWEDE— I WAS ONLY KIDDING ANYWAY!

Chapter 2. THE WOLF PACK

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, *EXCALIBUR* JOINED UP WITH HER CONVOY IN NEW YORK HARBOUR.

AS BOB LOWERED THE BINOCULARS, HE TURNED TO MEET THE NARROWED GAZE OF THE DESTROYER CAPTAIN.
TAKE HER UP ALONGSIDE THE HECTOR, NUMBER ONE. I'M GOING TO MY CABIN TO GET THE CODE BOOKS READY TO READ OUT ORDERS!
AYE AYE, SIR!

AS LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER BAKER DISAPPEARED DOWN THE BRIDGE LADDER, BOB GRINNED TO HIMSELF.
HALF AHEAD BOTH! ALTER COURSE THREE POINTS TO PORT!
SO THE SKIPPER WANTS TO SEE HOW I CAN HANDLE HIS SHIP, EH? WELL, I WON'T KEEP HIM IN DOUBT FOR LONG!

SMOOTHLY THE R.N.R. OFFICER BROUGHT *EXCALIBUR* GLIDING GENTLY IN TOWARDS *HECTOR'S* SIDE. AT EXACTLY THE RIGHT MOMENT BOB ORDERED SLOW ASTERN, ON THE ENGINES . . . AND ***THEN SUDDENLY IT HAPPENED!***

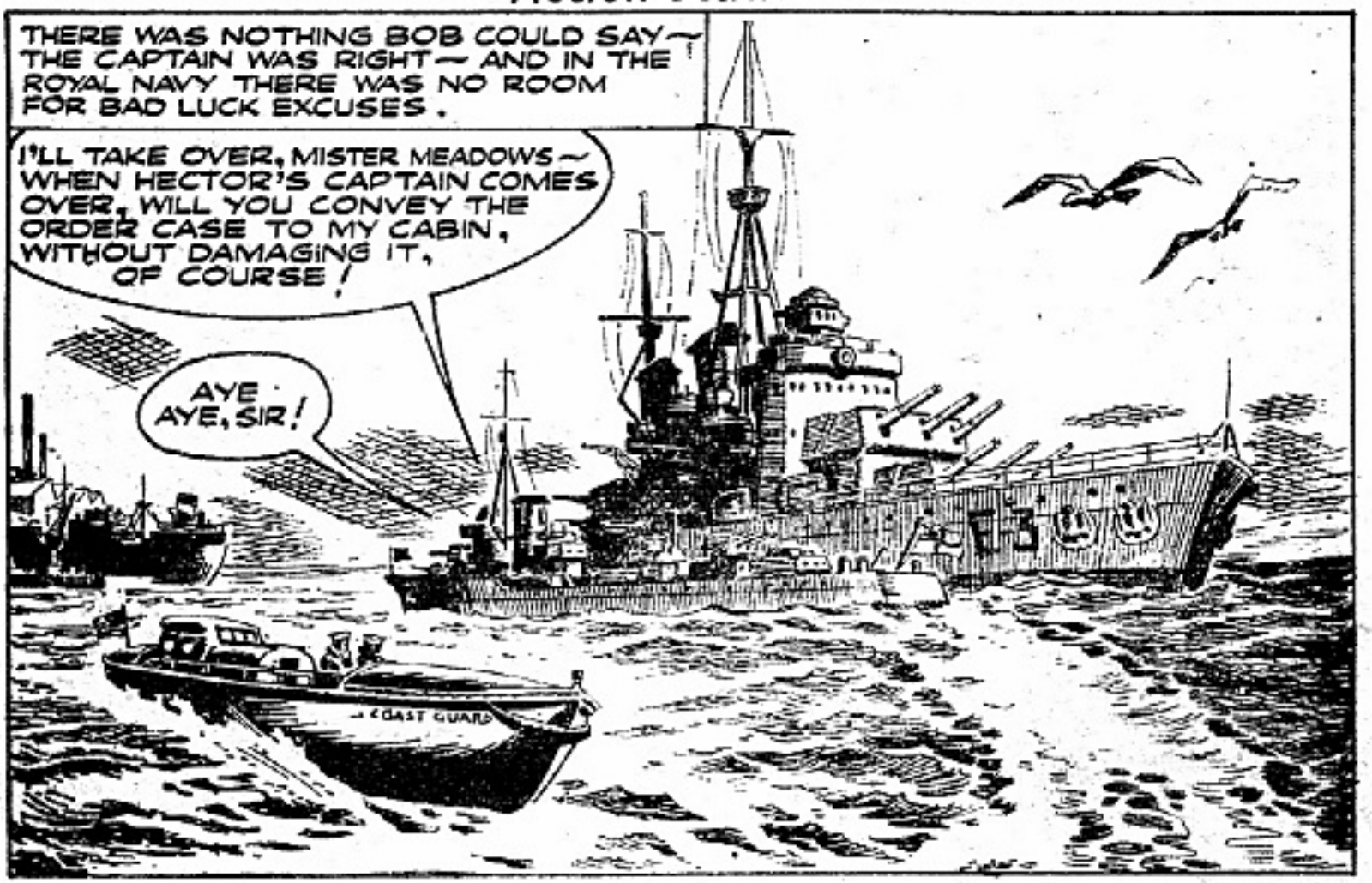
LOOK OUT, SIR! SHE'S GOING TO HIT US!

HARD ASTERN BOTH!

THE SEA BOILED UNDER *EXCALIBUR'S* STERN AS HER TURBINES DESPERATELY DRAGGED HER AWAY FROM THE CRUISER'S SWINGING BULK. WITH A GENTLE CRUNCH THE SHIPS TOUCHED ~ AND PARTED.

WHEW! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! LUCKY IT COST US ONLY A COAT OF PAINT!

IF YOU'D HAD A MAN ON THE FOC'SLE, NUMBER ONE, HE'D HAVE WARNED YOU OF THAT MERCHANTMAN'S WAKE PUSHING *HECTOR'S* STERN OVER!


THERE WAS NOTHING BOB COULD SAY~ THE CAPTAIN WAS RIGHT~ AND IN THE ROYAL NAVY THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR BAD LUCK EXCUSES.
I'LL TAKE OVER, MISTER MEADOWS~ WHEN HECTOR'S CAPTAIN COMES OVER, WILL YOU CONVEY THE ORDER CASE TO MY CABIN, WITHOUT DAMAGING IT, OF COURSE!
AYE AYE, SIR!
COAST GUARD

WHEN THE CONVOY SAILED SHORTLY BEFORE SUNSET THAT DAY, EXCALIBUR FELL IN ON THE STARBOARD FLANK AS DETAILED BY THE SECRET ORDERS.
THIS IS THE TIME TO CLEAN THESE BEAUTIES, KEN. WHEN WE REACH U-BOAT ALLEY IN A COUPLE OF DAYS, WE'LL BE DARNED PLEASED WE DID! HEY~ YOU STILL FEELING ROUGH?
JUST A BIT FRAGILE, SWEDE~ CAN'T SEEM TO GET MY SEA LEGS!

FOR TWO DAYS THE LUMBERING, ILL-ASSORTED CONVOY PLOUGHED THROUGH THE GREY ATLANTIC WASTES, DEFYING THE PERILS OF THE SEA ~ AND HEADING FOR THE DANGER WHICH LURKED AHEAD.

THE NEWS WE WAIT FOR, HERR KAPITAN?

JA! U. 232 IS SHADOWING A LARGE BRITISH CONVOY. WE WILL KNOW EVERY MOVE IT MAKES ~ UNTIL WE CLOSE IN FOR THE KILL!

LICKING HIS THIN LIPS AS IF IN ANTICIPATION, VON GROST SNAPPED OUT HARSH ORDERS TO THE RADIO OPERATOR.

ALL U-BOATS GATHER POSITION APFEL AT X.K.R. TIME! PRIORITY ONE. AND WHEN THE WOLF PACK STRIKES ~ THAT CONVOY WILL BE TORN TO PIECES!

TWENTY HOURS LATER, THE FIRST DISMAL LIGHT OF AN ATLANTIC DAWN TIPPED THE TOSSING WAVES WITH SILVER — AND OUTLINED THE BLACK SINISTER SHAPES SLINKING AMONGST THEM.

WUNDERBAR! ALL HERE — AND — IMPATIENT TO SHOW THEIR FANGS! SIGNAL FOR ATTACK PLAN TO COMMENCE!

LIKE TEN GREAT SEA SLUGS, THE U-BOATS SLID BELOW THE SURFACE — EACH ONE A CARRIER OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION — AIMED FOR THE HEART OF THE BRITISH CONVOY!

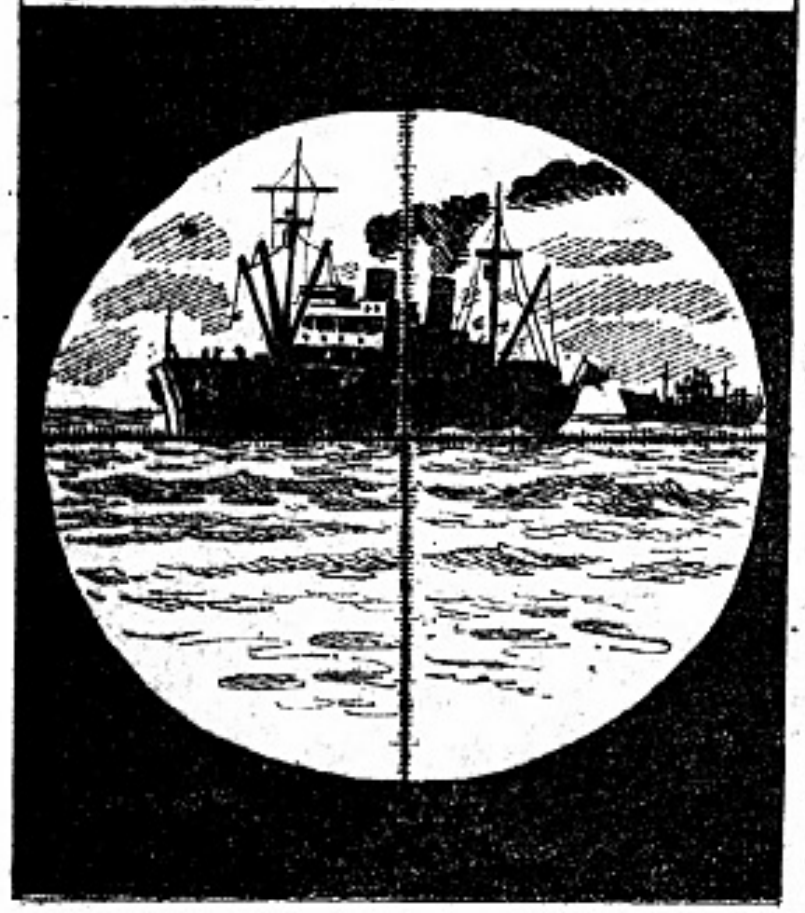
U220

IN THE EYE-STRAINED VAGUENESS OF THAT SAME DAWN, H.M.S. EXCALIBUR PATROLLED CEASELESSLY HER STATION TO THE STARBOARD OF THE CONVOY.

I'LL BE STAYING ON THE BRIDGE, NUMBER ONE. I'M EXPECTING AN ORDER FROM HECTOR TO CLOSE UP ALL WATCHES TO BATTLE STATIONS — SO WE'LL DO IT NOW!

THAT MEANS WE'RE IN JERRY'S FAVOURITE HUNTING GROUNDS! AND A CONVOY OF THIS SIZE WILL MAKE THE U-BOAT CAPTAIN'S MOUTH WATER!

BOB COULD NEVER KNOW HOW TRUE HIS WORDS WERE — FOR AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

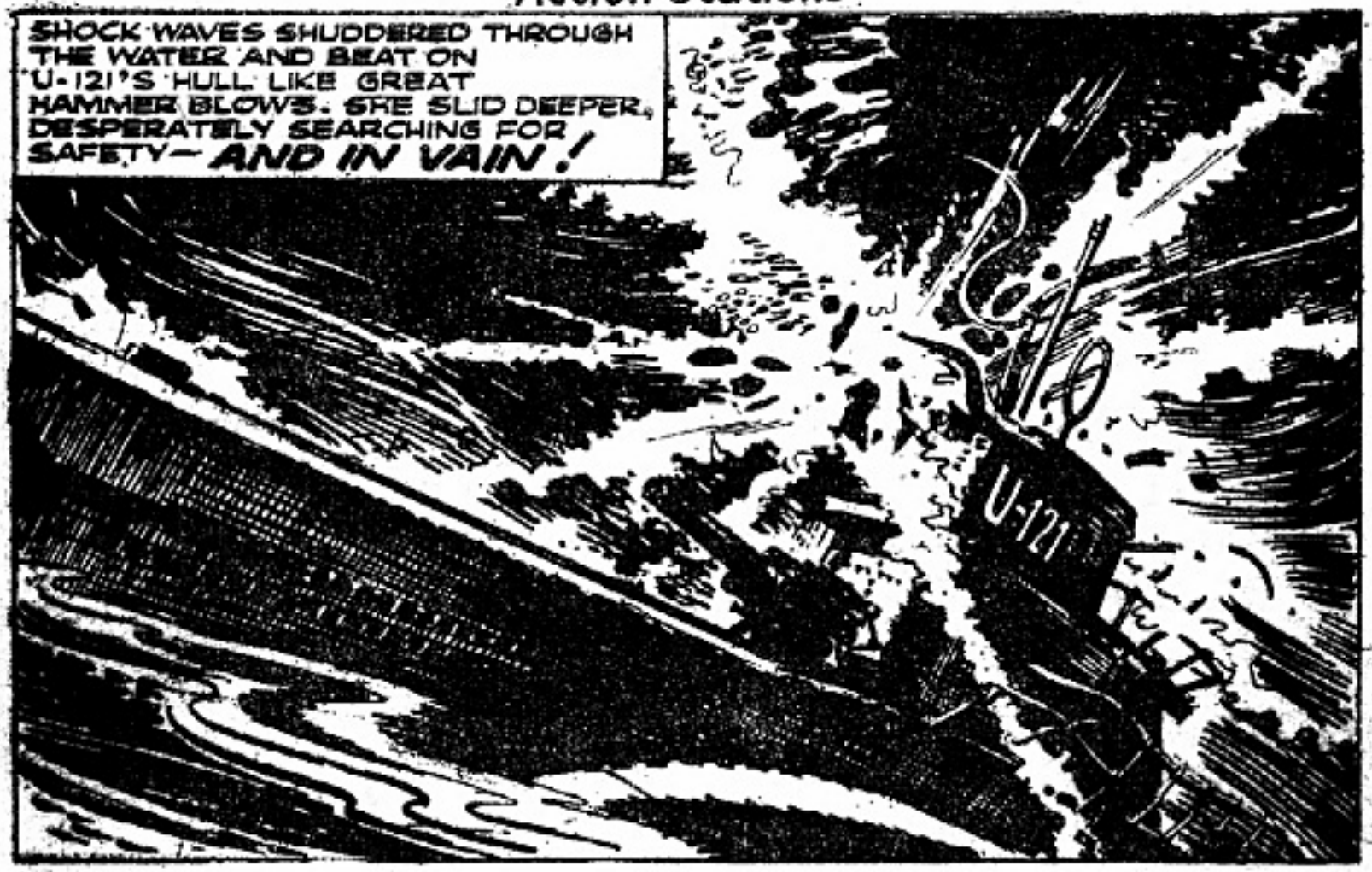


EYES GLUED TO THE PERISCOPE, VON GROST WAITED. HE SNAPPED A COMMAND... THEN A SECOND... AND TWO SLIM TORPEDOES LEAPED FROM THE U-BOAT BOWS.

TWENTY SECONDS LATER, A SHATTERING ROAR LIFTED A COLUMN OF YELLOW TINGED, BOILING WATER HIGH OVER THE SEA WOLF'S FIRST VICTIM . . .
ANOTHER HIT BEYOND FIRST TARGET, SIR!
TORPEDOES CAME FROM OUR STARBOARD, SIR!
FULL AHEAD, EMERGENCY SPEED! ALTER COURSE TWENTY DEGREES TO STARBOARD!

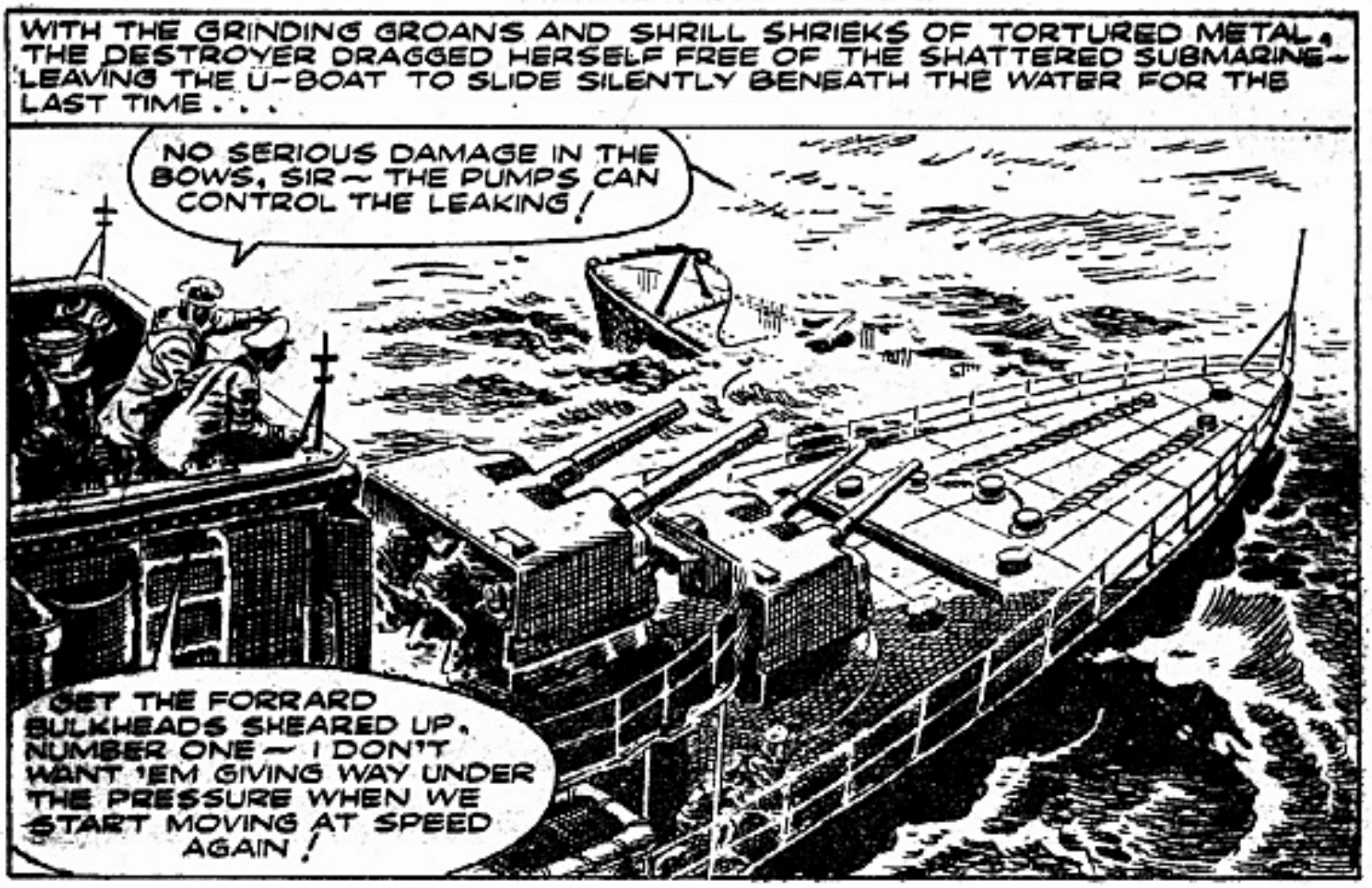
EXCALIBUR LEAPED FORWARD LIKE AN UNLEASHED GREYHOUND — AND SQUAT BLACK DRUMS ROLLED OVER HER STERN AS SHE RACED ACROSS THE SUSPECT AREA. . .
NO CONTACT ON ASDIC, SIR!
HE'S PROBABLY CUT HIS MOTORS AND IS SLIDING SLOWLY DOWN! WE'LL GIVE HIM ANOTHER DOSE WITH DEEPER SETTING ON THE DEPTH CHARGES!
E47

THE SECOND PATTERN OF DEADLY DEPTH CHARGES EXPLODED ALL AROUND THE POWERLESS U-BOATS. DEEP BENEATH THE SURFACE . . .


SHOCK WAVES SHUDDERED THROUGH THE WATER AND BEAT ON U-121'S HULL LIKE GREAT HAMMER BLOWS. SHE SLID DEEPER, DESPERATELY SEARCHING FOR SAFETY— AND IN VAIN!
U-121

ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE WIDE-SPREAD GATHERING OF MERCHANT SHIPS A TANKER EXPLODED IN A VIVID FLASH OF EYE SEARING FLAME— AND WAS GONE, COMPLETELY DISINTEGRATED.
PERISCOPE GREEN ZERO FIVE, SIR!
ENGINE ROOM—MAXIMUM REVS! SOUND ALARM SIGNAL FOR CREW TO STAND BY TO RAM!

AT THIRTY KNOTS THE DESTROYER KNIFED THROUGH THE WAVES TOWARDS THE TELL-TALE PERISCOPE. IT SEEMED TO TURN ITS EVIL EYE AND VANISH AS IF IN PANIC — BUT TOO LATE . . .
HARD ASTERN! IF WE DON'T DISENGAGE, THE SUB WILL DRAG OUR BOWS UNDER!


WITH THE GRINDING GROANS AND SHRILL SHRIEKS OF TORTURED METAL, THE DESTROYER DRAGGED HERSELF FREE OF THE SHATTERED SUBMARINE — LEAVING THE U-BOAT TO SLIDE SILENTLY BENEATH THE WATER FOR THE LAST TIME . . .
NO SERIOUS DAMAGE IN THE BOWS, SIR — THE PUMPS CAN CONTROL THE LEAKING!
GET THE FORRARD BULKHEADS SHEARED UP, NUMBER ONE — I DON'T WANT 'EM GIVING WAY UNDER THE PRESSURE WHEN WE START MOVING AT SPEED AGAIN!

MEANWHILE, EXCALIBUR WAS TWIRLING AND TURNING ON A RELENTLESS PATROL OF HER SECTION OF THE CONVOY. DOWN ON THE AFTER DECK, TICKER GRIMES WAS SUDDENLY A POPULAR MAN.
HOT COCOA AND CORNED BEEF SANDWICHES, ME LUCKY LADS. IF YOU DON'T WANT IT, I'LL FEED IT TO THE FISHES!
TRUST YOU, TICKER, TO GET DETAILED OFF FOR THAT CUSHY JOB! ANYWAY, YOU'RE FINISHED NOW — HAND 'EM OVER!

AS KEN FILLED HIS MUG WITH STEAMING HOT COCOA, TICKER'S HATCHET FACE SPLIT IN A SLY GRIN . . .
WELL, WELL— OUR HAPPY LITTLE LAD'S GETTING ALL DARING — AND HAVING SOMETHING TO EAT!
OPEN YOUR MOUTH AGAIN, TICKER, AND I'LL MAKE YOU EAT THE BUCKET— HANDLE AND ALL!

TICKER'S SMIRK DIED AS HE STARED AT KEN ~ AND FOR THE FIRST TIME HE SAW THAT THE YOUNG SAILOR WAS ANYTHING BUT SICK! PICKING UP THE HALF-EMPTY BUCKET, HE SLOUCHED OFF TO THE NEXT GUN TEAM.

THEN SUDDENLY A MUFFLED ROAR SWUNG ALL EYES FORWARD AND NECKS CRANED TO SEE AHEAD OF THE RACING DESTROYER . . .

ON THE BRIDGE, LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER BAKER GAVE THE STRICKEN SHIP AHEAD ONE GLANCE AND RAPPED OUT AN ORDER...
SCIMITAR WILL GO DOWN IN FIVE MINUTES, NUMBER ONE — WE'RE GOING TO PICK UP SURVIVORS. RIG THE NETS OVER THE SIDES IMMEDIATELY. WE'VE GOT TO BE FAST — EVERY SECOND WE'RE THERE WE'LL BE A SITTING DUCK TO A U-BOAT!

AND THAT VERY THOUGHT WAS ALSO BURNING IN ANOTHER MAN'S MIND — KAPITAN VON GROST IN U.220!
DOWN PERISCOPE! OUR TORPEDO HIT ON THE STARBOARD SIDE — THEREFORE THE SECOND DESTROYER WILL COME UP ON THE PORT SIDE! AND WE WILL ALSO BE ON THAT SIDE — WAITING! FULL AHEAD BOTH ENGINES, FOR HALF A MINUTE!
RELOAD BOW TUBES AND STAND BY TO FIRE!

AS EXCALIBUR LEAPED TO THE AID OF HER STRICKEN SISTER SHIP, AN OBSTINATE SUSPICION NAGGED IN BOB MEADOW'S MIND.

WHAT IF THAT SUB CAPTAIN WORKS OUT OUR NEXT MOVE, SIR?

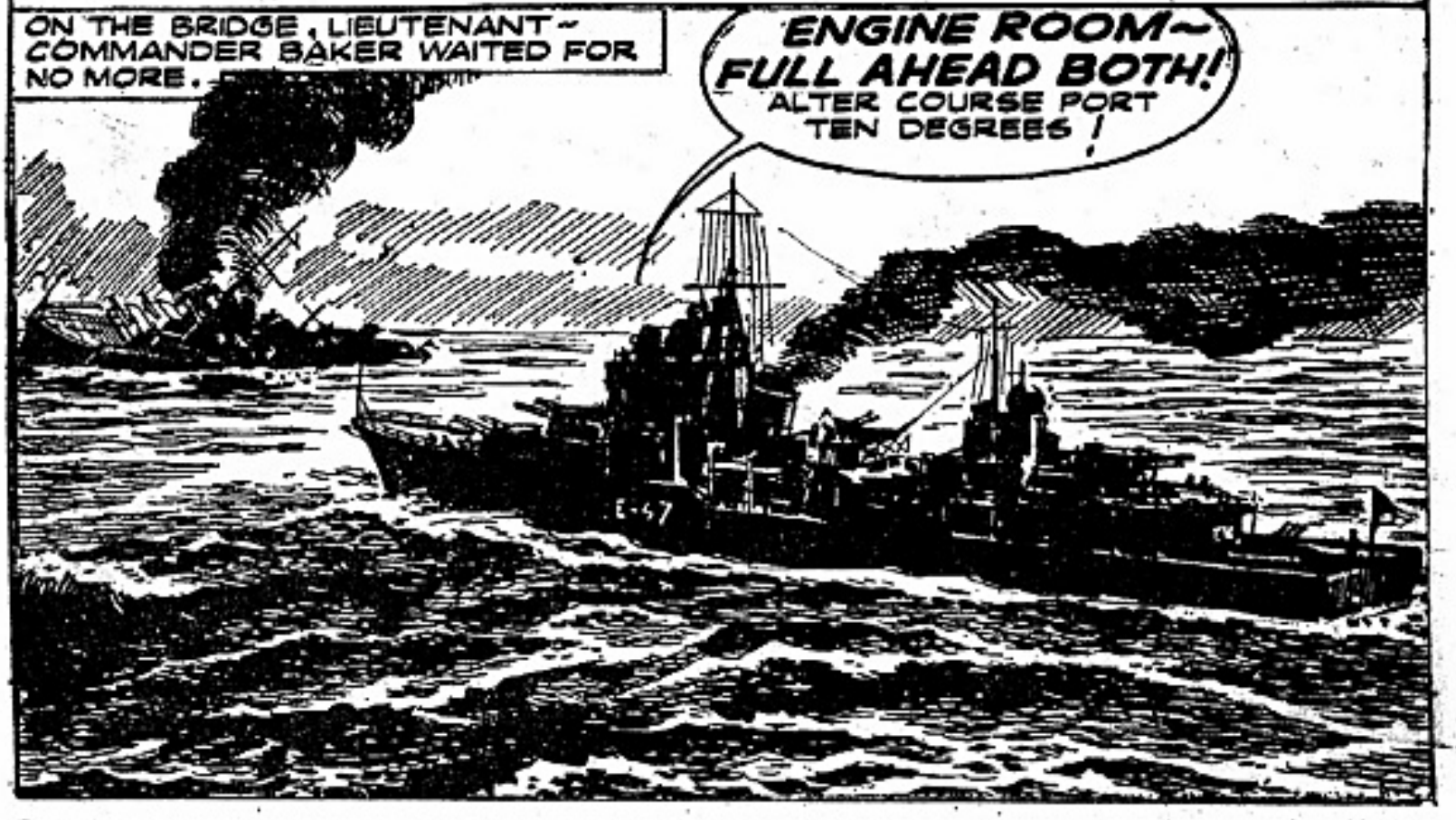
FOR ONCE WE THINK ALIKE, MISTER MEADOWS!

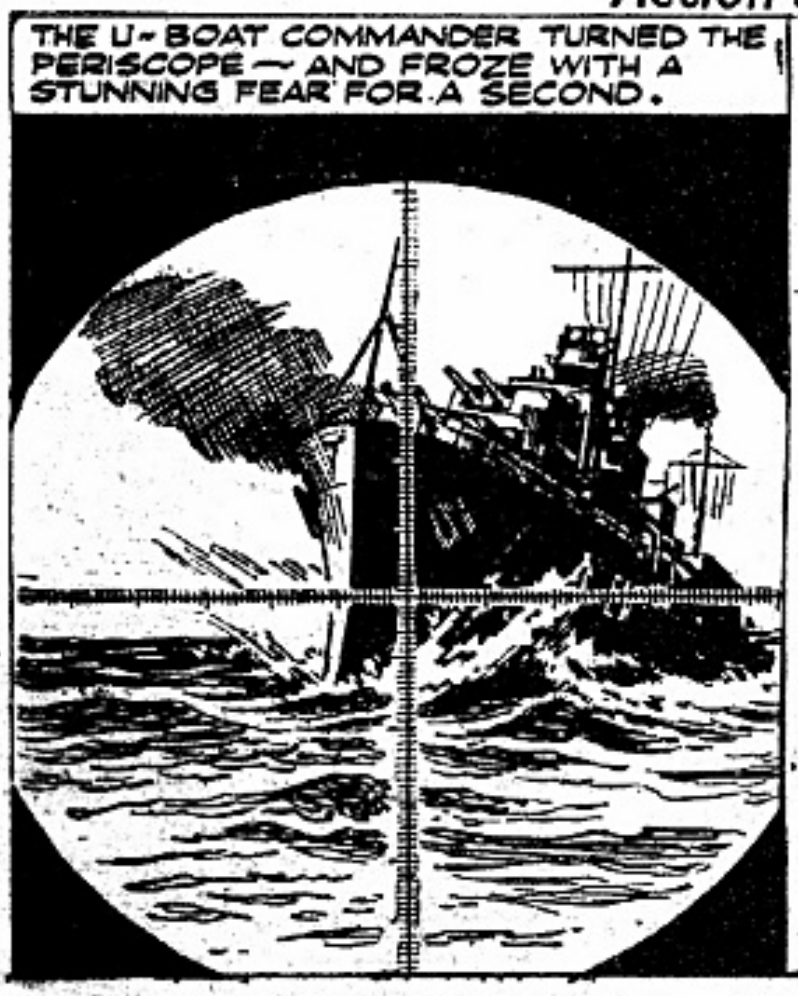
STOP ALL ENGINES! ASDIC OPERATOR — TURN ON YOUR BOX OF TRICKS!

AND IN A TINY CRAMPED COMPARTMENT BEHIND THE BRIDGE, A TAUT-FACED LEADING-SEAMAN SAT OVER HIS ASDIC APPARATUS . . . EVERY SENSE FOCUSSED ON THE DIALS BEFORE HIM.

NO CONTACT— NO CONTACT — NO— WAIT A MINUTE! YES— LOUD AND CLEAR ECHO— READING RED ONE ZERO!

Chapter 3. THE SURFACE RAIDER




THE U-BOAT COMMANDER TURNED THE PERISCOPE — AND FROZE WITH A STUNNING FEAR FOR A SECOND.

THEN, IN THE FLICKER OF A SINGLE PULSE BEAT, VON GROST SCREAMED A DESPERATE COMMAND.
DOWN PERISCOPE! DIVE-DIVE-DIVE! THE ENGLISHER IS GOING TO RAM US!

U.220 LURCHED TO A FRIGHTENING ANGLE OF DIVE AND PLUNGED DOWN TOWARDS THE BLACKNESS OF THE DEEP. SUDDENLY — THERE WAS A RENDING CRUNCH — A THUDDING JAR — AND WATER SPURTED INTO THE DAMAGED U-BOAT.
GET THE DAMAGE CONTROL PARTY TO PLUG THOSE FRACTURES. HIMMEL — WE'RE LUCKY WE'VE ONLY LOST THE PERISCOPE.

ON THE SEA ABOVE, *EXCALIBUR* MADE A SWEEPING, SLIDING TURN AND CAME IN AGAIN TOWARDS THE *SCIMITAR'S* SWIMMING CREW.

THE WOUNDED AND EXHAUSTED SURVIVORS FROM *SCIMITAR* WERE QUICKLY LIFTED ABOARD *EXCALIBUR*, WHERE THEY HUDDLED TOGETHER ON THE DECKS ~ TO WATCH THE END OF THEIR GREAT HEARTED SHIP.

WITH A FINAL GUSH OF ESCAPING AIR, SCIMITAR SLID BENEATH THE GREEDY GREY WAVES ~ AND LIPS GREW THIN AMONGST THE WATCHING SURVIVORS.
SHE WAS A FINE SHIP ~ AND SOME FINE LADS HAVE GONE DOWN WITH HER / IF ONLY I COULD GET MY HANDS ON THOSE JERRIES, I'D . . .
WE ALL HAD MATES ON SCIMITAR ~ I SURE HOPE WE GET A CHANCE AT THAT SUB!

LATER THAT DAY, THE SCIMITAR'S CREW WERE TRANSFERRED TO A MERCHANTMAN AND TO THE CRUISER JASON, WHICH HAD FIRST CLASS MEDICAL FACILITIES FOR THE WOUNDED . . .
MESSAGE FROM JASON, SIR ~ COMPLETE TRANSFER WITH MAXIMUM SPEED!
LIKE NELSON, WE HAVEN'T SEEN THAT SIGNAL! I'M NOT GOING TO RISK THOSE POOR LADS' LIVES BY MAKING 'EM JUMP FOR IT, HUH ~ ANYWAY, LAST ONE'S COMING ABOARD NOW!

FOR TWO MORE DREAD FILLED DAYS THAT MERCILESS BATTLE WENT ON BETWEEN THE CONVOY AND THE RAVAGING SEA WOLVES. AGAIN AND AGAIN THE U-BOAT PACK STRUCK, CLAIMING MORE VICTIMS— BUT EACH TIME THEY PAID A HEAVY PRICE. ON THE THIRD DAY . . .

GENTLEMEN— I THINK WE WILL WIN YET! WE'VE LOST TWENTY NINE SHIPS — AND WE CAN CLAIM EIGHT CONFIRMED U-BOATS SUNK! THE ESCORTS HAVE DONE MAGNIFICENTLY— ONLY THROUGH THEM HAVE WE MANAGED TO BREAK THROUGH!

EVERYTHING ABOUT THE GERMAN TACTICS POINT TO THEM BEING ONE FLOTILLA— *TEN SUBS IN ALL* — WE'VE BAGGED EIGHT, THERE ARE ONLY TWO LEFT — AND THEY MUST BE NEAR THE END OF THEIR TETHER!

THE CONVOY COMMANDER SWEPT THE TIRED FACES OF THE OFFICERS IN FRONT OF HIM ~ SEEING IN EACH ONE THE STRAIN OF JAGGED NERVES...

BUT WE'RE NOT OUT OF TROUBLE YET! THE SIX SHIPS MARKED WITH A STAR ARE HAVING DIFFICULTY IN KEEPING UP WITH THE REST OF THE CONVOY. I PROPOSE TO LEAVE THEM BEHIND ~ BUT AS A SMALL SEPARATE CONVOY! EXCALIBUR WILL ALSO BE LEFT AS THEIR ESCORT!

AN HOUR LATER, EXCALIBUR PULLED OUT OF HER MAIN ESCORT STATION AND HEADED FOR A SMALL KNOT OF SHIPS AT THE REAR OF THE MERCHANT VESSELS.

HEARD THE LATEST BUZZ? WE'VE BEEN LEFT BEHIND WITH SIX LAME DUCKS TO ACT AS THEIR FLIPPING ESCORT, WHILE THE REST GO ON! COR, OF ALL THE STONEY LUCK!

STOP GROUSING, TICKER ~ WITHOUT US THOSE CIVVY SHIPS WOULDN'T STAND AN EARTHLY OF GETTING HOME!

A MILE AWAY, HIDDEN AMONG THE TOSSING, WHITE TIPPED WAVES, THE EMERGENCY PERISCOPE OF U-220 WATCHED THE *EXCALIBUR*'S MEN MOVE WITH A BALEFUL STARE . . .

DONNER WETTER! AS I HOPED, THAT CURSED CONVOY IS LEAVING ITS STRAGGLERS ~ BUT ALSO THE DESTROYER WHICH NEARLY GOT US!

WE HAVE ONE TORPEDO ~ AND WE ARE THE ONLY U-BOAT LEFT. NO REPLY FROM ANY OF THE OTHERS EXCEPT 226 ~ AND SHE IS LIMPING BACK TO BASE, TOO BADLY DAMAGED TO FIGHT ON!

EYES GLITTERING WITH DRIVING FURY, VON GROST PACED THE TINY CONTROL ROOM LIKE A CAGED ANIMAL. THEN HE WAS FORCED TO STOP AS A RADIO OPERATOR STEPPED UP TO HIM...

WUNDERBAR! GREAT NEWS INDEED! THE *PRINZ WILHELM* IS AT SEA AS A RAIDER ~ AND HEADING FOR THIS AREA ~ ~ THOSE STRAGGLERS ARE OURS!

TWENTY SECONDS LATER A CODED WIRELESS MESSAGE FLASHED FROM THE U 220...

U 220 TO *PRINZ WILHELM* ~ SMALL ENEMY CONVOY POSITON. MAKE TOP SPEED ~ WE WILL DELAY ENEMY IF POSSIBLE!

Chapter 4: ENEMY DEFEATED

THE *PRINZ WILHELM*, A CRACK GERMAN LIGHT CRUISER, HAD MADE A BLACK NAME FOR HERSELF AS A VICIOUS SURFACE RAIDER. UNDER THE COVER OF BAD WEATHER, SHE WOULD SLIP OUT OF HER BASE AND POUNCE ON LONE HELPLESS ALLIED MERCHANT SHIPS . . .

KAPITAN VON GROST PREPARES A FINE MEAL FOR OUR GREEDY GUNS! WE SHOULD BE THERE IN THREE HOURS ~ ***MAXIMUM SPEED ON ALL ENGINES!***

JUDGING THE TIME OF THE GERMAN CRUISER'S ARRIVAL, VON GROST SHADOWED *EXCALIBUR'S* CONVOY ~ AND THEN HE MADE HIS MOVE TO SLOW IT DOWN . . .

GREAT SCOTT ~ THE TANKER'S CAUGHT ONE!

AND IF SHE HAD ALTERED COURSE JUST BEFORE, IT WOULD HAVE GOT HER AMIDSHIPS! STAND BY TO GO ALONGSIDE!

THE SLEEK GREY WARSHIP SURGED FORWARD ~ YET ALREADY THERE WAS AN OMINOUS BLACK PLUME OF SMOKE BURSTING OUT OF THE STRICKEN TANKER'S BOWS . . .
MESSAGE FROM TANKER, SIR! READS FORWARD . . . WATER-TIGHT . . . DOORS . . . HOLDING. STOP. FIRE . . CONFINED . . . TO . . . NUMBER ONE . . . TANK. STOP. MUST . . . HAVE . . . MORE . . . MEN . . TO . . FIGHT . . . IT. STOP. CAN . . . YOU . . . SPARE . . . SOME?
BY HEAVENS! THEY'RE SITTING ON TWO THOUSAND TONS OF LIQUID DYNAMITE AND THEY'RE NOT GIVING IN!

MISTER MEADOWS ~ WE MUST TRY TO SAVE THAT TANKER! I CAN'T ORDER ANYBODY TO GO, BUT WILL YOU LEAD A PARTY OVER TO HER TO FIGHT THAT BLAZE?
GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES TO MUSTER SOME VOLUNTEERS, SIR ~ THEN TAKE US ALONGSIDE!

MEADOWS SOON FOUND HIS VOLUNTEERS — ON THE GUN DECK AFT. AND STRANGELY ENOUGH, TICKER GRIMES WAS CLOSE BEHIND KEN AND SWEDE . . .
WE'LL HAVE TO JUMP FOR IT AS EXCALIBUR TOUCHES THE TANKER — AND THERE'LL ONLY BE ONE CHANCE!
SOMEHOW I THOUGHT YOU'D BE COMING, TICKER!
NOW I'VE BEEN KICKED OUT OF THE GALLEY, I'VE GOT TO FIND SOMEWHERE WARM TO GO!

THE DESTROYER KNIFED IN TOWARDS THE TANKER. FOR A BRIEF MOMENT THEY TOUCHED — AND THEN EXCALIBUR SKIDDED AWAY . . .
FOLLOW ME — AT THE DOUBLE!
OOW! LEGGO — NO DON'T!
MAKE UP YOUR MIND, CHUM!

CLOSE BEHIND MEADOWS THE NAVAL PARTY RACED ON TO THE BRIDGE . . .
HOW CAN MY BOYS HELP, SKIPPER?
WE'LL FIND 'EM FIRE FIGHTING GEAR AND SEND 'EM FORRARD TO TACKLE NUMBER ONE TANK. MY ENGINES ARE OKAY, BUT I DAREN'T USE 'EM — ANY MOVEMENT WILL FAN THE FIRE OUT OF CONTROL. SO WE HAVE TO STAY HERE UNTIL WE BEAT IT— — OR BLOW UP!

JUST THEN, KEN'S SEARCHING EYES NARROWED ON A SMUDGE OF SMOKE ON THE HORIZON . . .
SMOKE ON PORT BEAM HORIZON, SIR!
HMM! PROBABLY ONE OF OURS— BUT WE'LL MAKE SURE!

AS THE POWERFUL BINOCULARS FOCUSSED, BOB MEADOWS' BREATH CAUGHT HARSHLY IN HIS THROAT . . .

GREAT GLORY! I KNOW THAT OUTLINE, EVEN HEAD ON — IT'S THE *PRINZ WILHELM*, JERRY'S NUMBER ONE SURFACE RAIDER SINCE THE *GRAF SPEE* WAS SCUTTLED!

A LIGHT CRUISER AGAINST A DESTROYER! CRIPES ~ WHAT A FIGHT *EXCALIBUR*'S LANDED IN!

AND BY THEN EVERY MEMBER OF THE DESTROYER'S CREW KNEW THE ODDS WHICH FACED THEM . . .

THIS IS THE CAPTAIN SPEAKING. THERE'S A JERRY LIGHT CRUISER OUT THERE AND IT'S AFTER THE MERCHANTMEN. WHILE *EXCALIBUR* IS AFLOAT WE'RE GOING TO STOP HIM. WE'RE OUTGUNNED AND OUTMANNED ~ BUT WE CAN DO IT. WE WILL DO IT! PREPARE FOR SURFACE ACTION!

THEN, DECK PLATES TREMBLING WITH STRAIN OVER THE THROBBING ENGINES, EXCALIBUR'S SHARP BOW LIFTED OUT OF THE WATER AS SHE LEAPED TOWARDS THE PRINZ WILHELM. . .
PUH! A PUNY DESTROYER CHALLENGES US! IT WILL NEVER GET NEAR ENOUGH TO SHOOT. OPEN FIRE!

LEAVING THE MERCHANT SHIPS TO SCATTER LIKE FRIGHTENED QUAIL, *EXCALIBUR* SPED PAST THE TANKER. FROM MEADOWS' PARTY A THIN CHEER LIFTED AND DIED AS A GROAN . . .

JERRY NEARLY GOT HER FIRST TIME!

STONE THE CROWS! SHE'LL BE BLOWN OUT OF THE WATER BEFORE SHE CAN GET MORE THAN HER FORWARD GUNS TO BEAR!

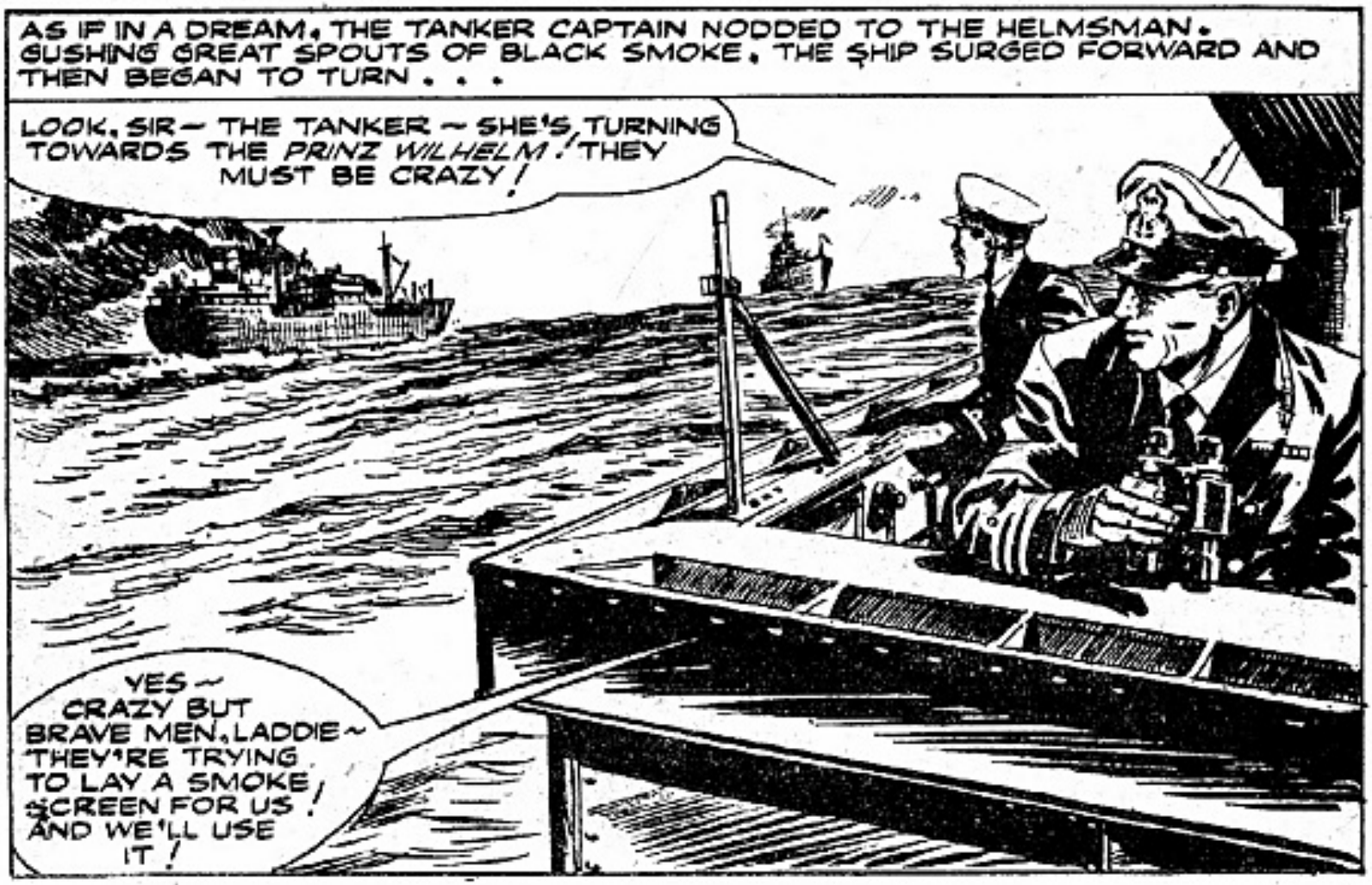
ON THE BRIDGE OF THE DESTROYER, LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER BAKER TASTED THE BITTER SOURNESS OF COMING DEFEAT. *EXCALIBUR*, WITH ONLY HER FORWARD GUNS AGAINST THE CRUISER'S BROADSIDES, DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE. THEN SUDDENLY— **DISASTER!**

GOT TO GET HER OUT OF THIS FAST— OR WE'LL BE POUNDED TO SCRAP. NOW THE JERRY GUNNERS HAVE FIXED SIGHTS!

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE TANKER, BOB MEADOWS GROANED AS A SHELL STRUCK EXCALIBUR ~ AND THEN HE SAW THE DESTROYER HEEL OVER IN AN EMERGENCY TURN . . .
SHE DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE OF GETTING IN CLOSE. BY THUNDER ~ WHAT SHE NEEDS IS A SMOKE SCREEN!

SUDDENLY, BOB'S EYES WIDENED — THEN HE LEAPED INTO THE WHEELHOUSE, REACHING FOR THE ENGINE ROOM TELEGRAPH . . . .
WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU DOING, MAN?
I'VE GOT JUST THE ANSWER! FULL SPEED AHEAD ~ QUARTERMASTER, ALTER COURSE TWENTY DEGREES TO PORT!

OUR SPEED WILL FAN THAT FIRE INTO AN INFERNO — THE OTHER TANKS WILL CATCH FIRE AND WE'LL BE BLOWN OUT OF THE WATER!
EXCALIBUR NEEDS A SMOKE SCREEN — WE CAN GIVE IT TO HER! WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THAT RISK — OR JERRY WILL BLOW US APART ANYWAY!


AS IF IN A DREAM, THE TANKER CAPTAIN NODDED TO THE HELMSMAN. GUSHING GREAT SPOUTS OF BLACK SMOKE, THE SHIP SURGED FORWARD AND THEN BEGAN TO TURN . . .
LOOK, SIR — THE TANKER — SHE'S TURNING TOWARDS THE PRINZ WILHELM! THEY MUST BE CRAZY!
YES — CRAZY BUT BRAVE MEN, LADDIE — THEY'RE TRYING TO LAY A SMOKE SCREEN FOR US! AND WE'LL USE IT!

WHIPPED BY THE WIND, THE FLAMES OF THE BURNING OIL LEAPED VICIOUSLY HIGHER AND A GREAT PALL OF SMOKE POURED OUT BEHIND THE TANKER . . .
EXCALIBUR IS TURNING TO COME AROUND BEHIND OUR SMOKE! SHE'S CAUGHT ON FAST!
AND MAYBE THE JERRY SKIPPER THINKS SHE'S ON THE RUN—BECAUSE HE'S OPENING UP ON US NOW!

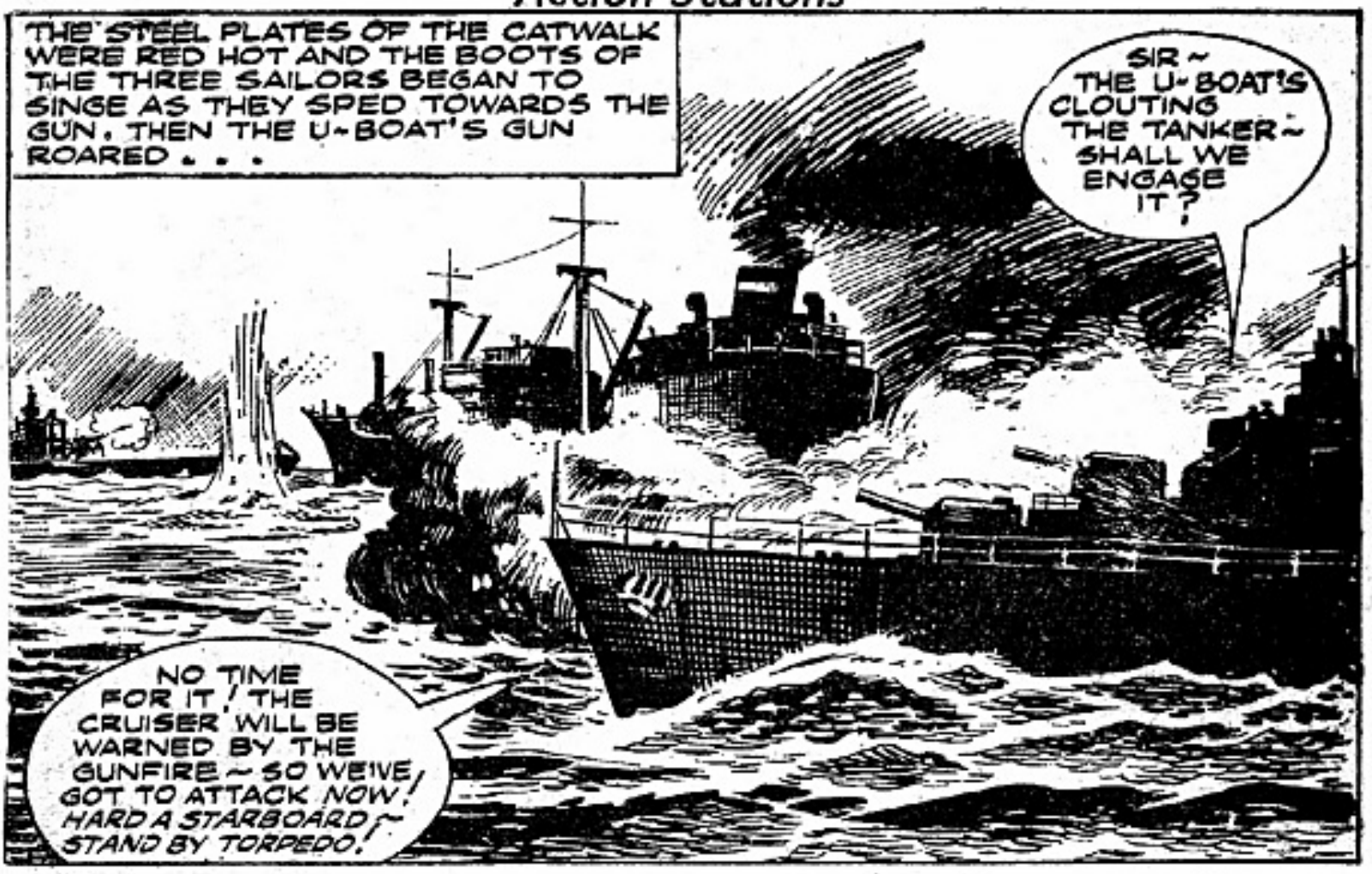
WITH A SCREAM LIKE A DOZEN EXPRESS TRAINS, A HAIL OF SIX INCH SHELLS BRACKETED THE TANKER AND THE SEAS ERUPTED INTO YELLOW TINGED COLUMNS OF BOILING WATER!
STEER A ZIG-ZAG COURSE, HELMSMAN! WE'VE GOT TO SHAKE THE JERRY GUN LAYERS OFF FOR THE NEXT LITTLE LOT THEY THROW!

BUT ALREADY THE PRINZ WILHELM'S GUNS WERE SWINGING AWAY TO SEARCH FOR OTHER PREY. . .
CEASE FIRING! SHE WILL BE DESTROYED BY HER OWN FIRE WHILE WE SEND THOSE FAT MERCHANTMEN TO THE BOTTOM! DESERTED BY THEIR PUNY ESCORT, THEY WILL GIVE US EXCELLENT TARGET PRACTICE!

AND WHILE THE GERMAN CRUISER CAPTAIN GAVE HIS ORDERS SMUGLY, VON GROST OF THE U-220 SNARLED WITH SAVAGE FURY. . .
SO THAT IS THE BRITISHER'S PLAN! THAT TANKER MUST BE STOPPED—AND WE HAVE NO TORPEDOES LEFT! WE WILL USE THE DECK GUN— STAND BY TO SURFACE!

U-220 CAME UP OUT OF THE SEA LIKE A WALLOWING PORPOISE . . .
U-BOAT! A COUPLE OF SHELLS FROM HER AND WE'LL BE PLASTERED ALL OVER THE ATLANTIC!

HIS EYES RED AND BURNING WITH STABBING PAIN FROM THE BITING BLACK SMOKE, KEN HOLT LEAPED TO THE FOC'SLE . . .
SWEDE-TICKER-COME ON! THE FOC'SLE GUN~ WE'LL GIVE THAT SEA SLUG A BEATING YET!


THE STEEL PLATES OF THE CATWALK WERE RED HOT AND THE BOOTS OF THE THREE SAILORS BEGAN TO SINGE AS THEY SPED TOWARDS THE GUN. THEN THE U-BOAT'S GUN ROARED . . .
SIR ~ THE U-BOAT'S CLOUTING THE TANKER ~ SHALL WE ENGAGE IT?
NO TIME FOR IT! THE CRUISER WILL BE WARNED BY THE GUNFIRE ~ SO WE'VE GOT TO ATTACK NOW! HARD A STARBOARD ~ STAND BY TORPEDO!

AND AS EXCALIBUR TURNED WITH HER DECKS AWASH AND SLICED THROUGH THE OILY CLOUD OF SMOKE, HER CAPTAIN KNEW THAT HE LEFT THE TANKER'S CREW TO ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH . . .

EVERY NERVE BURNED AND JARRED AND BLOOD FROM A SCALP WOUND STREAKING HIS WHITE FACE, KEN LURCHED TO HIS FEET . . .
AT . . THE . . . DOUBLE, TICKER. MUST . . . GET . . THE . . GUN . . FIRING !
GLUTTON FOR . . . . PUNISHMENT . THAT'S . . WHAT . . . YOU ARE !

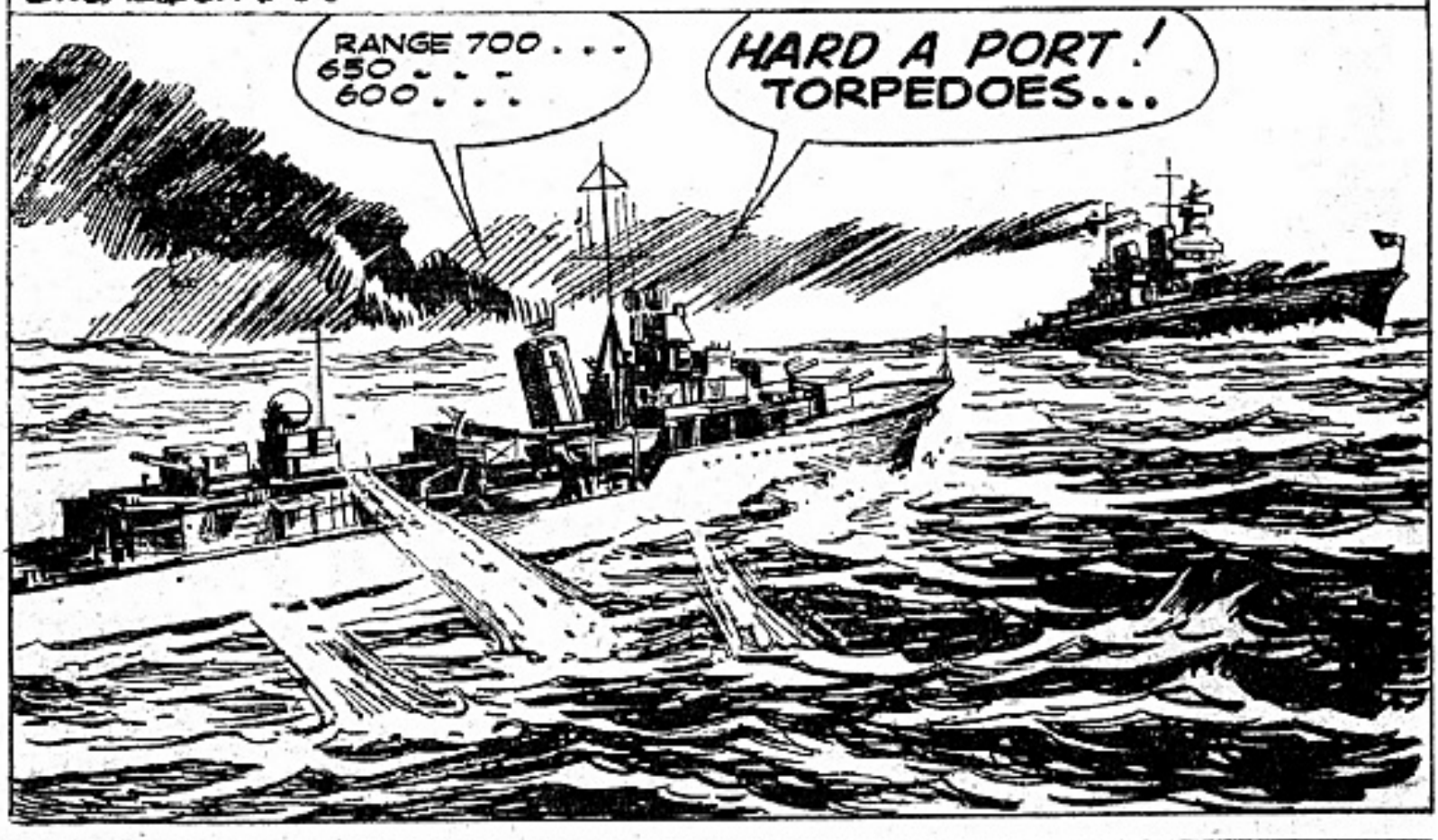
THE MISTS OF PULSING PAIN CLEARED FROM SWEDE'S BRAIN, HE SIGHTED THE GUN AGAIN . . . NODDED, AND KEN JERKED THE FIRING BAR . . .
RAUS . . . RAUS . . . QUICK, YOU COWERING DUMPKOFS - GET THAT GUN LOADED AND FIRING !

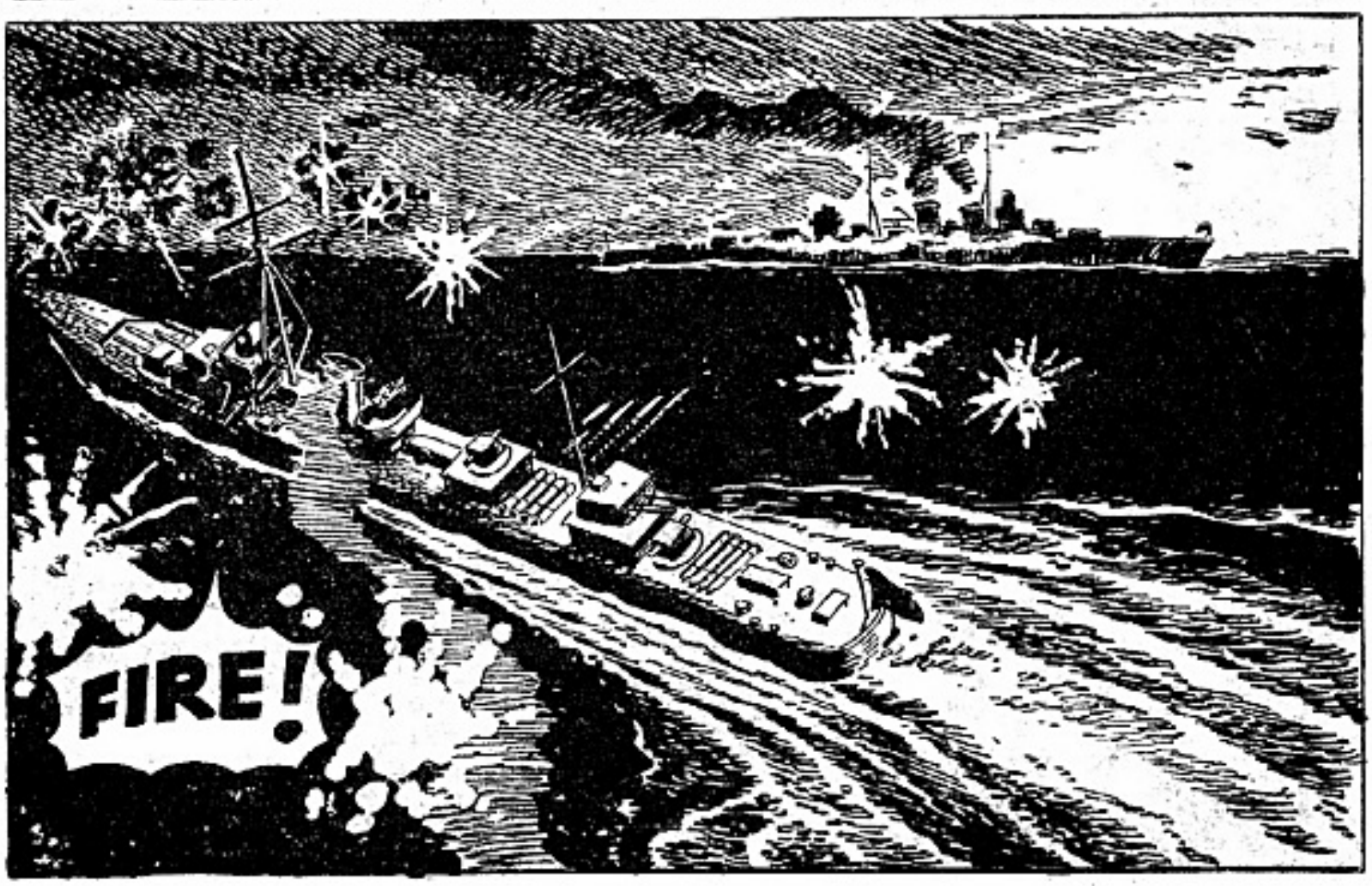
BUT BATTERED AND EXHAUSTED AS THEY WERE, THE SUPERB GUNNERY TRAINING OF THE BRITISH SAILORS TOLD. A SECOND SHELL SLAMMED INTO THE BREECH ~ A FRACTIONAL ALTERATION IN ELEVATION ~ AND IT ROARED AGAIN . . .
WE'VE GOT HER! RIGHT ON THE WATER LINE ~ SHE'LL GO DOWN LIKE A STONE!

AS THE RELENTLESS GREY WATERS FOAMED INTO THE STRICKEN SUBMARINE, VON GROST KNEW HIS U-BOAT HAD ONLY MOMENTS TO LIVE. THERE WAS ONLY ONE ORDER LEFT TO HIM ~ ABANDON SHIP!
WE'LL HAVE TO GO AND PICK 'EM UP, SKIPPER ~ ANYWAY, WE CAN'T HELP EXCALIBUR ANY MORE ~ IT'S UP TO HER, NOW!

THE FIGHT HAD ONLY TAKEN SECONDS ~ LITTLE LONGER THAN IT TOOK EXCALIBUR TO BURST THROUGH THE WIDE BARRIER OF BLACKNESS . . .
E-47

ALREADY ALERTED BY THE GUNFIRE, THE *PRINZ WILHELM*'S MAIN GUN TURRET'S SWUNG ROUND — LASHING A FURY OF STEEL AND EXPLOSIVE AROUND *EXCALIBUR*...





FOUR OMINOUS WHITE TRACKS OF AIR BUBBLES GREW IN THE WATER ~ STREAKING FOR THE CRUISER ~ DESPERATELY THE CAPTAIN ALTERED COURSE ~ BUT TOO LATE . . .

EVERY ONE A HIT! SHE'S RIPPED OPEN FROM STEM TO STERN! WE'LL GO IN TO PICK UP SURVIVORS!

ENGINES STOPPED, THE TANKER WAS PICKING UP THE SURVIVORS OF THE U-220 WHEN THE EXPLOSIONS CAME. ANXIOUS EYES STRAINED THROUGH THE UGLY BLACK CLOUD ~ FOR A SECOND IT DRIFTED ASIDE . . .

THEY DID IT ~ BY GLORY, THEY'VE SUNK THE PRINZ WILHELM!

CAPTAIN, UNLESS WE GET THAT FIRE UNDER CONTROL, YOU'LL BE BACK IN THE DRINK AGAIN OR BLOWN SKY HIGH! WITH YOUR MEN TO HELP. WE'LL STAND A BETTER CHANCE OF LIVING!
STRANGE ARE THE TRICKS OF FATE, ENGLISHMAN. WE STARTED THE FIRE ~ NOW TO SAVE OURSELVES WE MUST HELP YOU!

AND AS THE GERMANS BEGAN FIGHTING THE FIRE, THE THREE WEARY BRITISH SAILORS STARTED BACK TO THE FOC'SLE . . .
WE'LL HAVE A GO AT THAT FIRE AGAIN!
COR, CHASE O' REILLY! DUNNO WHAT MADE ME FOLLOW YOU BLOKES IN THE FIRST PLACE ~ I'VE BEEN IN TROUBLE EVER SINCE!
THE SORT OF TROUBLE YOU CAN'T DODGE, EH, TICKER?
FOR TWENTY FOUR HOURS RELAYS OF MEN FOUGHT THAT EYE SEARING, FLESH BLISTERING BLAZE. THEY WORKED UNTIL THEY WERE READY TO DROP ~ ENGLISHMAN AND GERMAN SIDE BY SIDE ~ STRANGE ALLIES WROUGHT BY COMMON PERIL. AND AT LAST THEY WON ~ THE INFERNO WITHERED AND DIED ~ THE SHIP AND ITS PRECIOUS CARGO WAS SAVED!

AND SO IT WAS THAT FOUR HOURS LATER, *EXCALIBUR* BROUGHT HER CONVOY, SCARRED BUT SAFE, HOME TO PORT ON THE WEST COAST OF ENGLAND ~ AND A HERO'S WELCOME!

OFFICIALLY RELEASED FROM HER DUTIES, EXCALIBUR GLIDED GENTLY INTO POSITION ALONGSIDE A ROYAL NAVY SUPPLY SHIP . . .

TWENTY FOUR HOURS SHORE LEAVE TO ALL WATCHES, NUMBER ONE. JUST A SMALL VOLUNTEER PARTY TO REMAIN ON BOARD ~ THEY CAN GO LATER. THEN WE GO INTO DOCKYARD FOR REPAIRS!

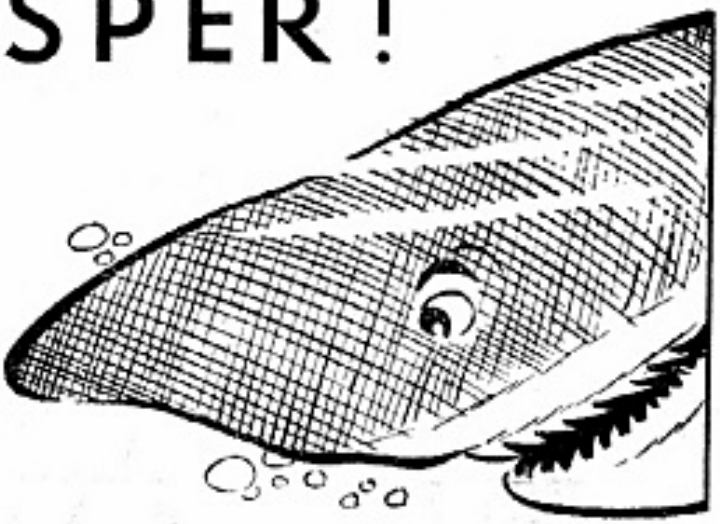
AND THEN SUDDENLY BOB MEADOWS FOUND AT LAST HE WAS ACCEPTED BY THE CAPTAIN ~ AS A SAILOR ~ AND A FRIEND . . . .

OH BY THE WAY, NUMBER ONE — I'M OFF TO LONDON TO REPORT ON THE *PRINZ WILHELM* ~ SO YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT *EXCALIBUR* INTO DRY DOCK! SHE'S YOUR SHIP UNTIL I GET BACK!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

Printed in England by Messrs. Percy Brothers Ltd., Manchester 1, and published on the third Thursday in each month by The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices: Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4. Sole Agents: Australasia, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Messrs. Kingstons, Ltd. War Picture Library is sold subject to the following conditions, that it shall not, without the written consent of the Publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price as shown on the cover; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition, or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publications or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.
16.10.58.

HI, THERE, JASPER!



GREAT NEWS!

We're in this year's

KNOCKOUT ANNUAL!

Meet this unusual pair—SINBAD SIMMS and his amazing pal, JASPER, in an exciting sea adventure in the pages of this grand Annual!

★ DAVY CROCKETT ★ JOHNNIE WINGCO

★ BILLY BUNTER ★ SPORTY

★ SEXTON BLAKE

All these favourite KNOCK-OUT stars and many more are waiting to give you hours of thrills and chuckles!

OVER 192 PAGES—Many in full colour!

Ask your parents to make sure of your copy—Now!

Price 7/6

HEY!! GET THIS!

IT'S HERE AT LAST

THE

NEW

PICTURE STORY PAPER

FOR

YOUNG MEN

ACTION! THRILLS! LAUGHTER!

An all-star programme, including :—

★ **CRIME AND DETECTION**

Hard-hitting picture stories of Scotland Yard's endless fight against the ruthless underworld.

★ **WESTERN**

Stirring pictorial adventures of the Old West come to vivid life from the pens of such famous authors as Norman Fox and Ernest Haycox.

★ **HUMOUR**

Cartoon strips and stories specially written to touch on all tastes in humour.

★ **WAR**

Out of the true annals of war on land, sea and in the air, come splendid sagas of brave men and their selfless heroism.

★ **SHORT STORIES IN PICTURES**

To make you laugh or sit tense with suspense—or to grip your heart.

★ **MOTOR RACING**

Triumphs and tragedies of speed, graphically recounted by one of England's leading motoring experts—Laurence Cade.

★ **MUSIC**

Brilliantly written articles on Traditional and Modern Jazz by Britain's top authority —Rex Harris.

★ **STRANGE BUT TRUE**

Follow in the footsteps of Fate as fascinating and mysterious dramas of real life are unfolded before you in pictures.

SPORT! ENTERTAINMENT! ADVENTURE!

IN FACT, IT'S GOT THE LOT—IT'S

TOP SPOT

4½d.

ON SALE EVERY THURSDAY